

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

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*Into the warp of the days that are done, O God, have we
woven the woof of our being.*

*Disheartened, unthinking, we say that the days that are
done, are done.*

*Father of days, in whose hand all days are at hand, with
Thy tools have we toiled all Thy days that are done.*

*In the gladness of hope, in the sadness of death, have we
sought for Thy truth in the days that are done.*

*On the stones of the past have we builded our stent of the
stairway that leadeth to Thee.*

*The mortar is mixed with our tears; uneven the stones
and ill fitted, scarred by faulty strokes of the chisel,
but grand is the structure Thou buildest thro' us,
out of our days that are done.*

William Kent.

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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896.

NUMBER 9.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—From *Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

O God, in every temple I see people that see thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise thee.

Polytheism and Islâm feel after thee.

Each religion says, "Thou art one without equal."

If it be a mosque people murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian church, people ring the bell from love to thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque.

But it is thou whom I search from temple to temple.

From an inscription by Abul Fayl for a temple in Kashmir.

The tenth anniversary of the general order of the "King's Daughters" reports a membership of four hundred thousand. This is an order which sprung from Edward Everett Hale's story "In His Name." But at the annual meeting Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Baptists and Presbyterians took part.

When love courses joyously in the chambers of the soul and thought touches love into vitality, then God is in the heart and the life of the soul is life with God, but when selfishness or indolence causes love to languish and the streams of usefulness become festering pools, then we have lost the life of God in the soul, then for the first time does life become Godless.

The Infinite reveals Himself not only to but through the uprising spirit of man. He is to be found where there is liberty. He is to be found where there is fraternity. He is declared where there is integrity. These are the bigger words for God. Says Emerson, "If you want to save the name of God multiply its synonyms." Says Bartol, "I sometimes love to say 'Allah' that I may escape the word and find the thing."

It was a sad occasion that called Robert Collyer back to his Chicago home, the funeral of his old friend and parishioner, Mrs. Nathan Mears, but it always

makes the hearts of his old friends glad to see him, and he was listened to with delight in his old pulpit last Sunday night and at the Church of the Messiah Sunday evening. His heart of love grows not old. He preaches the gospel that knows no bounds. He is at home everywhere, but most at home in Chicago, the scene of his early and splendid triumph.

"Kill Buddha" was the motto of that Buddhistic sect which our friend Kinza Riuga Hirai, of Parliament of Religion memories, belonged to. "Kill the Buddha" of form, "kill the Buddha" of doctrine, kill the official Buddha, the sacerdotal Buddha in order that Buddha, the spirit of gentleness, Buddha, the prophet of humanity, the Buddha of the pitying hand, of the gentle heart, of the inquiring mind, may be found. So with Christ, the official Christ of the dogma, the Christ of the vicarious sacrifice; the stately "Ruler of nations." As Representative Morse's proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States puts it, let him be killed, pass out of our statute books, wither in our creeds, fade in our minds, that Jesus, the tender lover of babes, the compassionate brother of the fallen and the stained, the shepherd of the lost, the inspirer of the discouraged, the advocate of the poor, the open handed brother of humanity, the splendid prophet of justice, may live more and more abundantly.

Professor Small told with effect at the Ethical Congress in St. Louis, while speaking on municipal reform, of how at a meeting of evangelical ministers in Chicago called to consider municipal interests, a quartette of ministers sang with effect a musical adaptation of the old hymn

"Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our home,"

with great variations on the refrain "Heaven is our home." At the close of the singing another minister arose and said, "It may be that 'heaven is our home,' but Chicago is our present place of residence. I move that we give the rest of the time to the interests of Chicago." By paying due attention to our 'present place of residence' we will gradually awaken to the thought that it is a part of the cosmic order, that its interests are rooted in the life eternal, that our country is a province in the great commonwealth of the world, a hopeful settlement in the boundless and endless kingdom of God.

In the line of our last week's editorial our readers will be interested to know that the "plain talk" instituted by the Municipal Voters' League in Chicago is being carried where it belongs. Last week the Commercial Club of Chicago, which is composed of sixty men who are supposed to have the longest pocket-books in the city, considered at their monthly meeting the question of municipal reform, and Aldermen Kent and Harlan, representing the unimpeachable elements

in the council, addressed them. The former said to them as reported in the *Tribune*, "The aldermen are criticised justly and thoroughly but other men not in the council do as bad things and run no risks of fine or the penitentiary. It is well enough to call John Powers 'the Prince of Boodlers' but why do we not mention Charles T. Yerkes at the same time? Yerkes came to Chicago with a proposition that 'every man has his price' and seems to have pretty thoroughly demonstrated its truth. There are men here who make a business of watering stocks and deceiving investors. It is not the silver curse alone which is ruining the credit of the country abroad but the sharp tricks of 'business men' who are running a close race between millions and the penitentiary." Personalities are always to be regretted. Names should be used with caution but if the pure public sentiment requires plain talk and direct attack upon the boodlers in the council, the war must be carried into Africa and equally plain talk concerning those who with boodle buy the council. If these heavy diners are innocent they must have rejoiced in the plain speech of these aldermen. If any of them are involved they deserved the medicine administered and it may do them good.

We hope soon to be able to present to our readers a more detailed account of the Ethical Congress held last week in St. Louis from the pen of another, but we are glad to speak our editorial word of congratulation with Mr. Sheldon and his associates of the ethical movement over the successful meeting. It was a fitting celebration of the tenth anniversary of Mr. Sheldon's movement, which represents a work that has challenged the respect and enlisted the sympathies of all right thinking and free minded people in St. Louis. The Congress in the main was held to severely practical ends and notwithstanding the one but severe disappointment caused by the inability of Professor Adler, the honored leader, to be present, the program moved steadily on and was a strong one. The senior editor of THE NEW UNITY was able to be a part of the interesting Congress through Thursday and Friday, and there was every indication that the Saturday and Sunday meetings would represent rising interests and reach a fitting climax. Women's relation to civic problems, questions of municipal reform, the problems of moral education and practical helpfulness, particularly self-helpfulness, engaged the attention of the sessions attended. It will be hard to keep distinct the boundaries of this movement simply because it rays out beyond marginal lines. These societies and lecturers may not always be successful in preserving definite distinctions between themselves and other societies and workers who under many names and differing forms are working for the same end. Indeed, the societies themselves, although so few, have widely differentiated in methods and in the distinctive aim at any given time although they, in common with an increasing number of organizations, churches and societies outside their "cult," are pushing for the common end,—the elevation of humanity, making for better adjustment of the individual and society, basing their fellowship in this ethical work of advancing the right.

"Reading From the Bible."

This is the title of a book prepared by the Chicago Woman's Educational Union for use in public schools. It is a child of much care, many prayers and great anxiety, a book which may become the center and cause of hot discussion and alas, with grim irony, it is a book which may become the source of bitter feeling and irreligious emotions, all in the name of religion.

The Woman's Educational Union consists of a band of women organized several years ago for the specific purpose of securing a return in the use of the Bible in the public schools, in some way as a text book of religion and morals. It is a book of concessions conceived in the interest of generosity as well as of religion. It seeks to restore the Bible to the public school by a process of elimination. This book has omitted so much of the Bible as would be objectionable to a disbeliever in miracles or in the Trinity, to the Jew and to the rationalist. All the miracles of the Old and New Testament are omitted, including all accounts of the resurrection. The words "Jesus" and "Christ" do not appear in the topical index. There are but two verses selected from the Gospel of John and they the colorless ones in which Jesus, in answer to the disciples' request concerning his doctrine, seems to evade the question and simply says, "I spoke openly to the world; I have taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing," only eight short passages from Luke, two passages from Mark, twenty from Matthew. Even the Sermon on the Mount is severely dismembered and depersonalized. All this goes to show in what a conciliatory spirit these women have worked. Indeed the fact that they date their inspiration and their method directly to David Swing and that the editorial committee contains the name of a representative of the Catholic Church, the Presbyterian and the Swedenborgian faiths is sufficient evidence that these women were actuated by the spirit of concession and compromise. They have not worked for what they want. They have worked rather for what they supposed might be secured. They now ask the school board of Chicago to authorize the use of this minimum Bible, reduced to the simplest terms of ethics and theism, nothing but righteousness towards man and reverence towards God. We heartily congratulate the women on the success of their work. It is a beautiful little book containing many gems. If one came upon this matter for the first time it would unquestionably arouse a great desire on the part of the intelligent reader to know more of the sources from which these extracts occur. Both in form and in matter the book is what it claims to be, an admirable little hand-book of ethical and religious teachings which will be welcomed by many teachers and parents who have skill enough to use such. Let us hasten to make further admissions. The anxieties of these sisters are well founded. Their purpose is not only a high one but their zeal is legitimate. Our schools sadly need more earnestness. Our children need to be profoundly touched with earnestness. There is a sad lack of moral training in American life to-day. Witness the free and easy morality of our business men; witness the un-

sympathetic social chasms that divide our women; witness the selfishness of trade and the rottenness of politics; witness the ever profitable industry of the brewer and the distiller and the humiliating records of our divorce courts. These humiliations largely rest upon and spring out of those who have passed through American schools and there are those in our schools to-day who are passing into this social fabric, so meager in its devoutness, so cold in its sympathies, so wanting in righteousness.

We are reluctant to speak a critical word concerning this work of the women. The writer of this notice was sorry he could not have accepted the cordial invitation of the committee to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in their high endeavor. But we object to it first for the injustice it does to the Bible itself. It is at best but a well meaning case of vivisection. The vascular tissue has been terribly torn, the life blood has been let out of it, the human element has been eliminated. Prophetic words are retained but the prophets have been excluded. Precepts of heroism have been conserved but illustrations of heroism, the story of the stalwarts, the achievements of the reformers, the pathos of living and the warning of sinning have been excluded. We have here but the chemist's subject after the flower has been analyzed, much of the fragrance gone, all the organic beauty marred and only the disjointed elements left. These well-meaning women are anxious by way of concession to prohibit all "note of comment" on the part of the teacher. It is the "note and comment" alone that will justify the use of any text. The Bible without "note and comment" is a fetish. For the children to memorize these disjointed texts without knowledge of their origin, their setting, their purpose, will not only be fruitless but many become immoral. It will deaden the sensibilities. It will be to relate these texts to the superstition that used to try to conjure by sacred formulas. It is making of the Bible and Bible text nineteenth century "abracadabras" like those of the olden times and Eastern clans when men hoped by the pronunciation of the mystic formula to ward off evil spirits and to woo certain desirable ends. No, the Bible deserves better treatment at our hands than this and must receive it before ever it can become the moral and religious hand-book it might be.

We object to it in the second place because of the limitations it implies in the source of such selections. This book introduced in the way proposed would inevitably carry with it the implication which rested in the minds of the compilers, that the Bible as a whole is the source of morals and religion, that it is peculiarly the hand-book of the spirit, thus doing violence to two important and very ethical conclusions which have forced themselves upon the intelligent mind of the nineteenth century, and for schools to set themselves against the results of scholarship is suicidal even though it be in the name of morality and the interests of religion. This little book itself unconsciously emphasizes the first conclusion, viz.: our Bible is a book of limitations and a book of degrees. The child will naturally want to know,—what about the larger part which was left out? Why was so much omitted? Will it not be forced and ought it not be forced upon the mind, because it con-

tains not only much irrelevant matter but oftentimes contradictory and sometimes unwholesome, immoral matter. The very title carries the old implication that the Bible is a book that is coherent, consistent, and with unquestioned credentials, when in fact, it is a literature, a collection of writings, some of them far removed from the others in time, purpose and teaching. It is a book that contains stories of cruelty and texts of narrowness which perhaps it is well to omit alongside of those texts that speak for the universal heart. We object to this book because of the implied exclusiveness of its claim. When some two years ago we were asked to co-operate with the committee in this compilation, we said "Yes, if you will gather your blossoms from the universal garden, enforce morality with the high witnesses of the race, let the texts and parables of Buddha stand alongside those of Jesus; let Sokrates reinforce Isaiah and Zoroaster and Mohammed, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, Fenelon and a'Kempis be heard when literary and ethical judgment justifies, concerning the high duties of life, purity, honesty, patriotism, alongside of the oracular utterances of the Bible." But the demand was one step beyond the outermost rim of their concessions. They would accept almost any canon of selection from within but they drew the line at the Hebrew and Christian Bible, thereby revealing, much against their wishes, an ultimate dogmatic element in their high intentions. Push this movement to its ultimate and you will find that its inspiration rests not solely in the moral and religious education of our children, but also by implication the re-establishment of our Christian and Jewish Bible as the ultimate authority in morals and religion. On account of this implication do we doubt the wisdom of the movement and will oppose its authoritative introduction in the public schools. There is a larger Bible than that from which this is collated, a Bible resplendent with not only texts but illustrations of the noble life. To ignore this larger Bible is not only to do violence to the possible inspirations that are available to the child, but it is to perpetuate an injustice upon the taxpayer whose conscience perchance is not rooted in the Christian faith and text nor even in the Jewish faith and text. He may be of the household of Islam or a modern Parsi or a nineteenth century Greek. One whose religion finds its highest symbol in the burning orb of day or the ever changing divinities of nature. If there be but one such tax-payer in the district, his child has a right to our public schools, which right carries with it the assurance that not even by implication will there be an indignity offered his father's religion or his mother's faith, for the child's religious nature is safer, rooted in this life and in the piety of its own fireside, than in the repetition of a thousand Bible texts.

The oldest botanical work in the world, says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, is sculptured on the walls of a room in the great temple of Karnak, at Thebes, in Egypt. It represents foreign plants brought home by an Egyptian sovereign, Thothmes III, on his return from a campaign in Arabia. The sculptures show not only the plant or tree, but the leaves, fruit and seed pods, separately, after the fashion of modern botanical treatises.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

In Shadow Land.

World of wonder, world of shadow, while the evening greets the night,
With its multitude of murmurs ere the day has taken flight,—
With its mellow golden glory gilding mountain crest and sky,
In the wierd transfiguration of the day about to die.

Full of tenderness and longing is the gloaming's tranquil spell,
When the glow-worm's lamp is lighted in the darkness of the dell,
When from heaven's crystal silence gleams each pallid trembling star,
And the mysteries of sorrow press upon us from afar.

All the secrecies of slumber and the sanctities of death
Waver mid the shifting shadows, whisper in the zephyr's breath;
And I listen to the music of the spirit-tones that sigh,
In the shadow land of silence, where they loiter but to die.

Charles A. Keeler.

A Reminiscence of Frederick D. Maurice and James Martineau.

To-night as I had shoved aside a pile of letters which it was the work in hand to answer, and was finding more agreeable entertainment in looking over the last *NEW UNITY*, by some strange trick of the brain, much like that, I imagine, to which we are indebted for Browning's poem, "Two in the Campagna," a pleasant reminiscence was awakened which brought into association three illustrious characters, and I was tempted to jot down the story for my grandchildren and perhaps *THE NEW UNITY* to read sometime—"sometime," as one of them said, "when you are dead, dear grandma." Yes, and "sometime," when, as I hope, the world shall have moved on beyond the "cursings" that by some law of association called up the pleasant remembrance which is the theme of my story. One of the letters was from a western mission field in North Dakota. It is a report of a sermon to which the writer had just listened, describing and commenting upon our "People's Church," which "Unity" and some of its compeers helped to dedicate a little more than twelve months since.

The subject of this western minister's or missionary's sermon (I don't know under what auspices exactly he sails, or from what fund he draws the money support for such preaching) seems to have been "The People's Church in Kalamazoo," which he described as "a creedless church which had existed for about a quarter of a century as a Unitarian Church, but was about defunct when Miss Carrie Bartlett took charge of it. She saw something must be done to increase the membership, and in order to gather in the driftwood from orthodox churches, and also all the deists, agnostics and atheists, she cast off the name 'Unitarian,' because it suggested a little of a creed, and attached the name 'People's Church' to a conglomeration of atheists, agnostics, deists, retrograde Jews, hypocritical Episcopalians, backsliding Methodists, traitorous Baptists, reprobate Presbyterians, big-headed Congregationalists and heretical Catholics." "If there was ever laughter in hell," he said, "it was when that sacred name, that divine livery, was stolen from the threshold of heaven by that audacious woman" to minister to this People's Church. "A church not only without a Bible, but without a God."

But it was this letter of bitter cursings and falsifyings that brought most clearly to my memory one of the most remarkable sermons that I have ever heard, and one of the most remarkable men, whom to have seen and heard several times I consider one of the greatest privileges of my life; that is Frederick D. Maurice. But above his grave I once heard him maligned as the man who had done more harm than any infidel, or all the infidels in England. It was these letters that brought back very precious memories of that heaven-illuminated face, and the most uplifting utterances, as it then seemed to me, that I ever heard in any sermon to which I had been privileged to listen. The last time that I ever saw Elizabeth Peabody was not long after the death of Frederick D. Maurice. I had recently returned from England, and our conversation fell upon some of the great ministers and notables of London, when she asked if I had ever chanced to hear Mr. Maurice. I had several times. And then she told me of a wonderful sermon to which she had listened when she was in London during the very sad illness that preceded the death of her sister, Mrs. Hawthorne. It was a very sad case, and she was crushed by her sorrow. It seemed greater than she could bear, and to get away from herself one Sunday she went out without any aim as to where she was going to hear a sermon. She came by chance, or providence, not knowing whom she should hear, to

Whitehall chapel, where Charles I was beheaded; the story of this event brought her there as the saddest place to which her heart drew her. The minister for that day was Frederick D. Maurice. She did not even know to whom she was listening. It was an address to the inmates of an institution for the blind. She said no sermon that she ever heard in her life affected her like that; she had never experienced anything of the kind so remarkable, and she described the effect upon those blind children. It really seemed as though the light that shone from his face had penetrated their souls and given them actual sight. When she had got so far in her description of the sermon, and his appearance, I exclaimed: "Why, Miss Peabody, were you present to hear that wonderful sermon by Mr. Maurice? I was there also, and I am glad to know that my experience was not altogether imagination. I can well imagine its effect upon you under such peculiar circumstances,—that it lifted you out of your great grief above all earthly sorrow; you lived for the time in the universal, in the eternal."

Now, in the light of recent psychological discoveries and recent steps of progress in science, I can well believe that such souls as Maurice might have psychological or soul power to impart something that may well be compared to the power of the X rays recently discovered. I never saw a face that shone with such a light as his. Those blind faces were turned up to his and reflected the wondrous light that was in his, which it was said was peculiar to Mr. Maurice. They were fixed upon him as though they saw him. It was truly wonderful, wonderful! We both had the same feeling, that there was a power in that man we had never seen before. This reflection of light, as it seemed, was so peculiar to him that many noticed it, and a man once asked him what it was in him that gave him that peculiar expression. His face shone as I have seen an alabaster vase when a light was dropped within. Mr. Maurice replied that he did not know what it was unless it was because he believed in communion with the Father of Light, and that communion would be granted to anyone who truly desired it. Then I told Miss Peabody of being in London when Frederick D. Maurice died, and witnessing the funeral, attended by Dean Stanley, from my window; though I did not know until the next day that it was the funeral of Mr. Maurice. But the next Sunday I went to Little Portland Place to hear James Martineau, where I frequently attended church, and that day it was a sermon for Frederick D. Maurice, in which he paid a beautiful tribute to his friend. I remember one thing he said with much feeling that deeply impressed me. He spoke particularly of that spiritual radiance of countenance, of character and influence. It was like an actual halo about him; so much so, he said, that no man or woman—no workingman or washerwoman in the humblest walks of life—ever came within the sphere of his peculiar influence without feeling it, without being uplifted to a higher life and better purposes by him.

In the afternoon of that Sunday I went with a friend from Chicago, who was in London with me, to Highgate Cemetery, where Mr. Maurice was buried, and where is also George Eliot's grave. The keepers of cemeteries in England never feel themselves obliged to render service to visitors on Sunday, and we were left to ourselves to find the grave of Mr. Maurice. While seeking for it, according to a general direction as to what part of the cemetery it was in, a gentleman accosted us with: "You seem to be looking for some grave. Can I assist you to find it?" I told him we were in search of the grave of Mr. Maurice, who was buried here two days before. "I know it is in this part of the cemetery, but we do not seem to find it." "The very grave I am looking for, also," he replied. "I will see if I can find it." He went away, and in a few moments returned saying he had found it, and would be happy to conduct us to it, and did so. Two other gentlemen were standing by the grave who looked like clergymen. This gentleman went up to them and engaged in conversation with them, so loud that I could not fail to hear as plainly as though the conversation was directed to me. Then I saw that he was seeking the grave of Mr. Maurice for a very different purpose from that which had influenced our search. His interest and courtesy in showing us the way to it really seemed to be that he might have more of an audience to hear the outpouring of his wrath on the man buried there. He seemed to have sought his grave for the purpose of cursing him. "There," said he, to one of the men, pointing to the grave, "there lies a man who has done more harm than any infidel in England." "How so?" said one of them—the other was silent and sober. "By the heresy that he has preached," was the reply. "What was his heresy?" was questioned back again. "Heresy about all that is Christian," our guide replied. But he dwelt principally upon his infidelity about hell. "Maurice did not believe that there was any hell." The man's earnestness would seem to indicate that he thought this doctrine was the foundation of Christian faith. "But he

preached about the same doctrine that Dean Stanley did," said the man who was mostly silent. "Yes, and Dean Stanley has done more harm than all the infidels in England," he angrily replied. And he almost raved about these degenerate times when a belief in hell was getting to be left out of the sermons of all preachers, churchmen and dissenters.

Standing on the other side of me was a young man and woman, evidently a workingman and his wife. They seemed to listen with pain to the conversation. The tears stood in their eyes, and as these others moved off, still continuing their conversation, this man pulled his buttonhole bouquet from its fastening, threw it upon the grave of Mr. Maurice, and turned away with head bowed as if it was from the grave of a near friend. I waited a few moments until all had gone but myself and friend, when I stepped over the chain that, fastened to stone posts, surrounded the grave, picked up the little bunch of flowers that he had thrown there, and brought them home as a precious keepsake, confirming what Mr. Martineau had said in the morning sermon—that there was not a poor workingman or woman who had ever come in contact with Mr. Maurice who had not felt the charm of his loving, spiritual influence. When I told Miss Peabody of this scene at his grave, and that I had religiously preserved those flowers, she exclaimed: "Oh, give me just one flower from that little bunch. You don't know how I should prize it," and I promised to send it to her when I came home; but when I came home and sought in my drawer the little bunch of dried and withered flowers, I could not find it in my heart to break the bunch, and I sent the whole to her.

Now, I am sure that it was these letters that I had shoved aside (there were three of them), all breathing forth "threatenings and slaughter" toward our People's Church, none but the writers knew why, which brought this scene at the grave of Maurice to my mind, and put me in the very comforting company of three remarkable characters whom I hope to find again sometime—Maurice, Martineau and Elizabeth Peabody, and helped me to feel of how little consequence is such bitterness as these letters contained, to those who are really about their Father's business in life.

L. H. STONE.

Liberal Religious Congress.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS
OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The board met at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, April 20, 1896, at 10:30 a. m. Present: H. W. Thomas, president; E. G. Hirsch, vice-president, and Directors Caroline J. Bartlett, A. W. Gould, A. N. Alcott, R. A. White, Paul Carus, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, secretary. By invitation the following members of sub-committees were also present: Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, George B. Penney, J. L. Duncan, E. Montgomery, W. A. Colledge. Communications were received and read from Vice-Presidents R. Heber Newton and W. M. Salter, and from Directors H. R. Whitmore, F. E. Dewhurst, Alex. Kent, John Faville, W. L. Sheldon, J. H. Crooker and Mrs. Henry Solomon; also from Paul R. Frothingham, secretary of the Free Religious Association; Joseph Stolz, B. R. Waldo of Rockford; J. M. Scott of Ithaca, N. Y., and others. The secretary presented a report in writing setting forth the work done at the central office, representing some thirty visits to as many different towns outside the city since the last meeting of the board in June, and about seven hundred communications sent from the central office; funds having been received from seven societies; from the equivalent of eleven life members at twenty-five dollars each and some seventy annual members at five dollars each; about twenty annual subscription not yet collected, all of which are probably available.

Total actual receipts up to date.....\$1,307.21
Expenditures 1,170.91
Balance on hand..... 136.30

Concerning present strength and future prospects and work, the secretary further reported as follows:

In view of all this it seems to me that we are warranted in believing that there is a work for us to do, and that if we are willing to work on long lines, with steady hands, avoiding the distractions of useless controversy, there is a great and immeasurable work for us to do. This prospective constituency lies first with the independent societies needing and anxious for more fraternity. Second, the Jewish societies, whose own work is so distinct, their own mission so marked out by fate that they must, whether or no, attend to that, but who have a heart and a hand for such open work outside and beyond their lines as is within reach of an uncompromised fellowship. Our experience shows that they are ever willing to take hold

of any hand which seems to them to be extended, in an unqualified and unpatronizing spirit of equality. They can well have the courage of Ralph Waldo Emerson when he said, "I dip my pen in the blackest of ink because I am not afraid of falling into my ink bottle." Their own autonomy and interests are beyond danger, and whatsoever makes for the triumph of liberal religion is a triumph for their own thought and work. Third, the great moving caravan in orthodoxy itself. They who are now hanging on the ragged edge of the creeds, honestly halting over questions of synods and conferences and councils, but which by a divine propulsion must move on. They are moving on and they are moving on in the congress direction. They are going in no other direction. They are looking not for a mere liberal "denomination" with other theological traditions and controversial implications, but they are looking for a fellowship and comradeship where they are, under whatever name and in whatever work they may find themselves, a fellowship that will leave them free to work out their own salvation and that of their constituency for time and eternity. Fourth, and chiefly, the unorganized elements, the unhoused and the unchurched, the ever-increasing class of religiously hungry and spiritually lonesome people, particularly in the West, that are coming into conscious need of some kind of organic relations with others in the interest of morals and religion. This is the waiting material for the Congress. In bigger towns the denominational missionary of the more liberal faiths with the words "Unitarian," "Ethical Culture" or "Jewish" upon his banner, may find constituency enough to start a new movement, but in the smaller places the only possible thing is a "People's Church" of some kind or another, and movement must be on that line if at all, as is witnessed by the recent cases of Streator, Freeport, La Porte, Sterling, Princeton and other places.

WHAT IS THE NEXT THING TO DO?

1. Profit by our experience thus far. Make such changes in name, constitution and methods as will appropriate the wisdom evolved in these two years of life and will conform to the facts as they are now. The report of the committee of which Dr. Carus is chairman will possibly help us in this direction. I hope such modifications as we may adopt may look first toward making the name more inclusive and hospitable than it now is if it can so be done. Second, while not eliminating the possibility of society representation, will look more and more to the personal constituency, individual memberships, leaving the societies more time to deliberate and more chance to grow whatever way they will.

2. The maintaining at its minimum of our central activity, a Chicago center. A bureau of exchange and correspondence must be necessary.

3. The beginning as soon as possible an educational campaign through the postoffice and by means of the press. This is the cheapest missionary work, the most economic pioneer. We need a postoffice mission clerk, one who will put such fugitive and cheap printed matter as is educative afloat through the world, a series of Congress leaflets, many pamphlets now available in the Unity Mission Series, the publications of the Jewish Women's Congress, the sermons of Hirsch, Thomas, Savage, Chadwick, Hillis, the superfluous numbers of THE NEW UNITY, the *Federalist*, *Old and New*, *The Christian Register*, the Jewish periodicals, etc.; all these duly catalogued and advertised from wherever we have a center, distributed by local committees in our various parishes under direction of one secretary who keeps a base of supplies in Chicago, would prove a great power as experience shows.

4. The holding of one great thought Congress every year where the highest things on the educative line available will be offered.

5. The encouraging of the holding of local congresses on the inclusive plan under local administration, with local names and methods like those which have already been held at Streator, Freeport, La Salle, in Illinois, Columbus, O., and others tending in that direction.

6. The leaving of direct missionary work, certainly until finances will warrant otherwise, to state or other local activities which may be developed.

7. A concerted and co-ordinate movement on the part of all of the friends of the Congress to put THE NEW UNITY, which now is the only organ in the field that represents the Congress idea (having gathered into itself the life of the *Universalist Monthly* and the *Non-Sectarian*) into at least 2,500 new hands at as early a date as possible, thus not only strengthening it but making constituency for the Congress.

8. Lastly, the keeping in mind all the while that something which must eventually be done in and for Chicago, and until it is done no great organic movement forward can be expected,—the preparation of ministers for the new work with the new methods here in Chicago in some

kind of connection with the great university and library resources of the city.

HOW IS THIS TO BE DONE?

This is program enough for you to smile at, but do not dismiss it as incredible until we note the possible resources now at hand. Basing our estimate largely on experience in the past, may we not confidently count on a minimum annual revenue for the next five years, from these sources, something like this:

| | |
|---|---------|
| a. From thirty or more societies..... | \$1,800 |
| b. From individual contributions..... | 400 |
| c. From one hundred annual members..... | 500 |

Total.....\$2,700

This will justify the following expenditures:

| | |
|--|-------|
| Salary of clerk..... | \$800 |
| Rent..... | 200 |
| Postage and printing..... | 300 |
| Salary postoffice mission clerk..... | 520 |
| Postage and advertising..... | 180 |
| Expenses of annual meetings, local congresses and incidental necessary work..... | 500 |

Total.....\$2,500

At the close of the secretary's report the report of the committee to whom was referred the resolutions of Mr. Judy and the petition of Dr. Momerie for a modification of name, was presented by Dr. Carus. After full discussion it was unanimously voted that the report be referred back to the committee for further consideration in the light of present discussion; voted also that this meeting of the board of directors commends to the consideration of the committee the modification of the name as recommended by Dr. Momerie, viz.: That it be called "The Liberal Congress of Religion," omitting the word "American" and substituting the word "Religion" for "Religious Societies." The question of the annual meeting was taken up. Invitations from Kalamazoo, Rockford, Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Chicago, and All Souls Church, Chicago, were presented, and correspondence indicating cordial interests from Indianapolis, Toledo, Springfield and other places were read. After discussion it was voted that the time of the annual meeting be fixed the first week in October and that the present sense of the board is in favor of holding the meeting in Chicago. This resolution subject to modification by subsequent development. Voted that existing activities and expenses be continued until the annual meeting. Voted that a committee consisting of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, R. A. White, Joseph Stolz, A. N. Alcott and Caroline J. Bartlett be appointed a committee on program.

Adjourned subject to the call of the executive committee.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED FROM DIRECTORS AND OTHER FRIENDS OFFERED AT THE ABOVE MEETING.

REV. J. H. CROOKER: "I can do little more than repeat what I have written before, viz.: I wish it success and believe in its future for good, but I am in no position to prove my faith by my works. If I were near you I could co-operate; if my purse were full I could aid you with ammunition, but my situation renders me a useless member. I am too remote to pass judgment upon plans proposed. Accept best wishes for a great cause."

REV. JOHN FAVILLE, Pastor First Congregational Church, Appleton, Wis.: "I wish I might be at your meeting, but cannot. You know my views. I am chairman of the Committee on Christian Unity in our convention. In our report next fall we shall advocate a broader platform of fellowship and delegates to present fraternal greetings to 'liberal' denominations. We are moving your way. * * * As to place of meeting, Chicago is emphatically my choice if I can vote by proxy, but I am with you at any other place that seems best."

REV. F. E. DEWHURST, Plymouth Church, Indianapolis: "I regret that I cannot get to the board meeting; health prevents. * * * Do go to Kalamazoo. I believe that would be the 'strategic' thing to do and we should be sure of a royal welcome from Miss Bartlett."

H. R. WHITMORE, St. Louis: "I regret that it is impractical to come to Chicago, but I am with you with best wishes for success."

MRS. HENRY G. SOLOMON, Chicago: "Though impossible to be present Monday, I am ready to assist in any work. I hope that the meeting will be very satisfactory."

W. L. SHELDON, St. Louis: "It will be impossible for me to be present at the board of directors' meeting Monday, but I believe in the Congress."

W. M. SALTER, Philadelphia: "Living at such a distance it is impracticable to take any active part in the affairs of the Congress. Those within easy radius of Chicago must carry it on. I see a useful work for it in providing a meeting

ground for liberal minds in the churches and out of them. Beyond that I do not see clearly."

REV. ALEXANDER KENT, Washington: "I cannot afford to go to Chicago. If I were among you I would be delighted to work with you and on lines indicated in the last NEW UNITY. I expressed my views last year in regard to the Congress movement. They have not changed. I have little hope for anything in the nature of federation between so-called liberal societies. To attempt it would be to widen the distance between them. If there are enough Independents in and out of the churches to recognize and carry forward a work on lines projected by the Congress there is hope for the movement. For that we must wait and work."

B. R. WALDO, Rockford: "I should enjoy immensely the lift that would come from intercourse with those altruistic souls who represent the Congress. I am perhaps selfish in wanting to be with you. I do give heart and sympathy. I hope the time will come when I shall do more. Rockford will be glad to welcome the Congress at any time you may decide to hold a session here. Think of us when planning for the next annual meeting."

REV. J. M. SCOTT, Ithaca, N. Y.: "There is more room than most think for Congress work. If there was money and the man to give all of his time to organizing societies where needed, the men would be forthcoming. * * * I think many circles could be started even in conservative communities, meeting by firesides first, then in halls, letting the building of a church take care of itself. In many cases that would come on the large plan suggested by Mr. Ingersoll in his Sunday sermon in Chicago. I have gotten together one such society in a conservative community and know at least four other places where similar work could be done on a smaller scale. If possible, what ought to be done is to raise a guarantee fund large enough to put in the field a man with enthusiasm and ability for five years; then another fund to create and distribute literature. Two years of such work would change the future of such things mightily and the work would go on with its own impetus, gathering strength from it. Young men looking to the ministry would come in large numbers because it would appeal to them narrowly. It would have place for many different kinds of men with as many different kinds of views. The more I think about it the more I believe there is a place for the Congress as an aggressive working body, founding societies when possible, not in conflict with any existing societies, facing downward. It would be a truly catholic church, and so it would draw experienced ministers into starting independent movements right in the place where they are known."

Financial Exhibit From A. C. L. R. S.

From June 1, 1895, to April 28, 1896.

RECEIPTS.

Amount in bank June 1, '95..... \$ 139.01

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS (\$25 each).

F. C. Hegeler (\$200), La Salle, Ill.; John C. Haynes (\$100), Boston, Mass.; F. H. Bond, Wenona, Ill.; Col. T. W. Higginson, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Chas. Kozminski, Chicago; Miss Mary E. Dewey, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.; Mrs. H. C. Barlow, Evanston, Ind.; Mr. Harry Hart, Chicago..... 475.00

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS (\$5 each).

Dr. H. O. Hoffman (\$10), Bloomington, Ill.; William P. Elliott, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. T. Leonard, Chicago; Moses Hooper (\$10), Oshkosh, Wis.; Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. Horace McKay, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Horace McKay, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago; Rev. Florence E. Kollock, Freeport, Ill.; G. S. Grindley, Thomasboro, Ill.; Chas. Haas, Chicago; Mrs. Chas. Haas, Chicago; Henry Solomon, Chicago; Mrs. Henry Solomon, Chicago; F. G. Logan, Chicago; Mrs. F. G. Logan, Chicago; S. T. De Lee (\$10), Chicago; Lewis Kaufman; Mrs. Gertrude H. Woodworth, Chicago; Mrs. Ida S. Foord, Chicago; Lewis Jones, Indianapolis, Ind.; Alvin Joiner (\$10), Polo, Ind.; Mr. Rockey, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss A. A. Ogden, Chicago; Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N. Y.; Rev. John S. Brown, Lawrence, Kan.; Edwin S. Brown, Chicago; S. W. Lamson, Chicago; Mrs. Phoebe M. Butler, Oak Park, Ill.; Mrs. Ella W. True, Chicago; Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.; Frederick Meakin, San Diego, Cal.; Rev. E. F. Dinsmore, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Rev. A. J. Messing, Chicago; S. C. Mason, Chicago; M. L. Ash; Mrs. William Boalch, Chicago; Mr. W. R. Jewell, Danville, Ill.; Mrs. W. R. Jewell, Danville, Ill.; Mrs. R. Howard Kelly, Chicago;

Saul G. Harris, Chicago; J. A. Stoddard, Chicago; Dr. H. W. Thomas, Chicago; E. Rothschild, Chicago; G. Freund, Chicago; Mrs. Henry L. Frank, Chicago; Mr. Henry L. Frank, Chicago; Joseph S. Hartmann, Chicago; D. M. Lord, Chicago; H. S. Hyman, Chicago; Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Simon Florsheim, Chicago; L. V. Harpell, Perry, Ia.; Adolph Nathan, Chicago; Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass.; Herman F. Hahn, Chicago; J. L. Gatzert, Chicago; Helen J. Kendall, Westfield, Wis.; Rev. W. L. Sheldon, St. Louis, Mo.; George H. Shibley (\$10), Chicago; Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, Chicago; Rev. R. Heber Newton (\$10), New York City; Hugh Young, New York City; S. M. Fischer, Chicago.... \$350

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Rev. M. Eisenberg, Peoria, Ill.....\$2.00
Lettie C. Stewart, Chicago..... 2.00
Rev. Helen G. Putnam, Fargo, N. D..... 2.00
A friend..... 1.00
F. C. Bassett..... 1.00
C. C. Bonney, Chicago..... 2.00
Rev. W. D. Simonds, Madison, Wis..... 1.00
A. C. Dodge, Madison, Wis..... 2.00
I. N. Bassett, Aledo, Ill..... 1.00
Rev. G. W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich..... 2.00
Miss Juniata Stafford, Chicago..... 1.00
George H. McIntosh, Chicago..... 2.00
Robert Burt, Chicago..... 1.00
William C. Snow, Chicago..... 2.00
Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Chicago..... 1.00
Outside work..... 2.45
Net receipts from Welsh concert.....32.75

\$58.20

SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM SOCIETIES.

Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, New York..... \$25.00
Freeport Liberal Society, Freeport, Ill... 10.00
First Universalist Society, Elgin, Ill..... 10.00
Brooklyn Ethical Association, Brooklyn, N. Y..... 5.00
Free Congregational Society, Baraboo, Wis..... 5.00
Free Religious Association, Boston, Mass. 200.00
All Souls Church, Chicago..... 30.00

\$285.00

Total receipts..... \$1,307.21

EXPENDITURES.

Expenses of Second Annual Congress....\$248.40
Rent of Headquarters..... 200.00
Salary, clerk..... 633.36
Postage and office supplies..... 40.00
Printing and Mission tracts..... 57.15
Total expenditures..... \$1,170.91

Balance on hand April 28th, 1896..... \$ 136.30

LEO FOX, Treasurer.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE NEW UNITY:

You have been kind enough to comment in a very generous way upon my leaving the ministry of the Unitarian for that of the Congregational Church. I should be far less appreciative than I am, did I fail to accept your words in the spirit in which they were uttered. There are indeed many things in which I heartily sympathize with THE NEW UNITY, many matters in which, with entire conscientiousness, I could coöperate with you. With your theological position I have never been able to find myself in agreement. All the more do I take satisfaction in saying that your ethical and humanitarian enthusiasm have enlisted my heartiest sympathy; and that your brave efforts in behalf of "whatsoever things are good, pure, lovely and of good report" have had their share in fortifying my own courage and strengthening my own hands.

In matters of theology it appears that we cannot all see alike, and urged by an increasing conviction of the importance to the world's moral health of the leadership of the divine Christ, I have been impelled in simple consistency to seek the fellowship of a church that makes this doctrine central. But I am not unmindful of the fact that all pure thoughts and good deeds, in what name soever appearing, are of God, and for their excellence must be owned of Christ. In the words, "he that is not against us is on our part," the founder of Christianity gave a test of religious fellowship which I have neither the hardihood nor the inclination to narrow.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City, Ia., April 18, 1896.

Buddhism in India.

The prophetic utterance of Sir W. W. Hunter in his "Indian Empire" that "a revival of Buddhism is one of the present possibilities in India," is approaching within the range of a possible realization. Signs are everywhere visible that the drift of thought of the educated leaders of the people of India is tending toward the ideal held up by the Prince Ascetic of Kapilavastu. In Europe and America the current of thought of the most advanced minds is drifting in the same direction. The presidential speech at the Social Conference held at Puna, December last, made by Professor Bhandarkar, is an unmistakable sign of the growing sympathy in the minds of the leading Hindus for the ethical doctrines of the enlightened Sakya Muni. Twenty-five centuries ago the Blessed One promulgated the law of emancipation from all selfishness, and India became the civilizing agency of the continent of Asia. Just like the bright orb illumines the world, so did the compassionate religion of Buddha give light and life for India, and under the great Buddhist emperor, the righteous Asoka, India attained the zenith of her civilization, as the edicts of the great potentate testify. But the sun of righteousness did not long endure, only for a thousand and five hundred years did it give light, and again it went into obscurity. Selfishness became a strong power in the land, and India fell. For nearly seven centuries the children of the soil had no Buddhism; but the signs that are now on the horizon indicate a coming change. Again the compassionate teachings of Buddha, which teaches compassion, pure life and perfect unselfishness as the highest happiness, will emancipate the people. India, in the Buddhist period, became great, her best sons went abroad and preached the gospel of love to the Asiatic peoples. The great moral law that rules society has nowhere been more clearly enunciated than in Buddhism; and no other teacher has given greater emphasis to truth, patience, charity and holiness than the great teacher of Nirvana and the law. The closing words of the speech of Professor Bhandarkar are sufficient to show the direction in which the minds of the educated Indians are tending to. He said:

"Every scheme for bettering our condition is destined to fail if it does not make provision for the growth of these sympathetic virtues, and through them for the realization of social reform. Let us, then, invigorate and elevate our souls by placing before our mind's eye the noble precept of the great Indian reformer of the sixth century before the Christian era, the Lion of the Sakya race, Gotama the Enlightened,—'Cultivate a mind boundless in sympathy for all beings, as that of a mother who protects her only son at the risk of her own life,' and with him proclaim from this Social Conference Hall, 'May all living beings, feeble or strong, long, great, middle-sized or short, small or large, seen or unseen, born or to be born, be happy!'"—*Dharmapala in Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society.*

Why Pork Is Unclean.

A Tripolitan Legend from the German of Edward Mygind. Translated by Albert Scheible.

"A pig is better than no one as a traveling companion," thought the mighty saint SiMindar, when he was joined by one on a trip through a strip of desert. Then he beseeched Allah to open the animal's mouth, and his prayer was heard. The pig began to talk, and they shortened the hot hours of their march with pleasant chat. But after a time the saint's flagon of water from which both had refreshed themselves was drained of its contents and they grew quite thirsty with no well for miles around them.

"If I could only find a stone," said the saint with a sigh, "we would be out of our difficulty." The pig asked him to explain. "Why," said he, "if I touch a stone with my wand water will gush forth and if Allah is willing, there will be enough for us both." Then the pig seemed to remember that it had emptied its companion's flagon, and to show itself grateful it started to burrow in the sand. After half an hour's hard work it dug out a stone as big as an ostrich egg and bade the saint to strike it. "But hold," added the thirsty creature, "I will take the stone between my teeth. Then you can hold your sheepskin under it so that no bit of Allah's gift may be lost." The holy man suspected nothing and did as he was told. But scarcely had he tapped the vein of water in the stone when the pig swallowed it and ran off. But the wicked deed was soon avenged. The mass of water gushing from the stone filled the animal so that it could waddle but little farther and soon perished in the sand. Then the saint cursed the pig and condemned it for all time to be abhorred of men, a picture of greed and of avariciousness. Its food was to bulge out its body until it would be unable to move and would choke in its mass of fat. This he pronounced as a warning to all men not to abuse Allah's gifts. And ever since then the orthodox eat no pork, for to eat of the pig would be to imbibe the curse resting on its body.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—There is no great religion and no great freedom that has not fought against authority in the beginning.

MON.—I will not turn lightly away from any man who endures harshness because he will not lie.

TUES.—It is a strange truth that only in the agony of parting we look into the depths of love.

WED.—There is no creature whose inward being is not greatly determined by what lies outside of it.

THURS.—What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?

FRI.—You must love your work, not always be looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

SAT.—Our love is inwrought in our enthusiasm as electricity is inwrought in the air, exalting its power by subtle presence.

—George Eliot.

Childhood.

It all comes back, love's dream of youth
Amid the growing grass and flowers,
When I with smiling sister Ruth,
Spent merrily the Maytime hours;
We wandered forth unknowing care,
The world to us an Eden wide,
The birds and flowers our joy did share—
From golden morn to eventide!

What sweet transports of soul had we,
All innocent of sin and woe;
The woods were ours, and so the sea—
And every flower the field could show;
Soft were the skies, the sunshine bright,
The world to us an Eden wide,
We lived in happiness and light—
From golden morn to eventide!

'Twas years ago, and now I wake
To find that blissful past a dream;
No more the springs such life partake—
As that which did so perfect seem;
She's fled—like birds and flowers of old—
To some sweet Eden new and wide,
To spend beyond the sunset's gold—
Life's day that has no eventide!

—William Brunton.

Among the Apple Blossoms.

An apple orchard in May! Spring is weaving her seamless robe of beauty over all the landscape. The swift shuttles ply through sunbeam and shadow, earth and air, till the hem of the radiant garment reaches the city's streets. The pale child in the alley feels the soft air breathe upon his cheek and delights over the tuft of grass or stunted dandelions forcing their way through the pavement, or in a wind-ruffled pool sees reflected a sky of tender tints. Even into the cold prison cell comes a breath that tells of springing grass and budding trees, and makes perhaps in some callous breast an "instinct that reaches and towers" toward a dim vision of goodness, some childish memory passing like a troubling wing over the dark depths of consciousness. To the darkened soul as to the buried seed, spring brings her gracious message. Her sweet influence pervades air and sky; no barrier can shut it out.

But the orchard is the inmost shrine of her cathedral whose roof is the sunlit sky. The trees so long bare and unsightly stand now arrayed as angels in the beauty of white thoughts. Soft pearly shadows move over the fresh verdure. Bees hover around the blossoms in humming content and birds pour out their joyous notes as if intoxicated with their own music. It is an illumined page spring unfolds in the long writing of the year. One story is called the Unity of Nature, written by the leaves. First

comes the green leaf, and then its colored prototype, fair and frail as a dream. But science tells us they are one with the rough stem that bears them. Perhaps, as Thoreau says, the Maker of this earth but patented a leaf, and the globe and all it contains can be reduced to that pattern. Beautiful messengers of life, so fresh and unsoiled by the dust of earth! Spring is the time to turn over a new leaf, the true beginning of the year. The dark finger of blight touching here and there the springs of life is writing another story. Withered hopes, unfulfilled promises, failure and death, is the tale, whose meaning it is hard to understand. How many of these blossom ships will sail safely into autumn's haven? Spring does not ask but writes us in her blossoms a sermon of trust. With perfect confidence in the universal good she throws her treasures broadcast to meet storm, pestilence or drouth.

So the freed spirit adventures forth on unknown seas. So the spiritual world draws near in the springtime. As the tiny shoots pierce the mold and buds break from the bough at the call of the sun, the soul would stretch its wings and follow light. Its outlook is toward the morning.

Quickly the spring day passes. The red light fades from the orchard close. Twilight, the gentle moon, steals through the white cloisters hushing the world to rest. A presence passes by far into the evening sky. Youthful, joyous spring, her arms overflowing with buds, a crown of blossoms on her head, the light of eternal hope within her sunny eyes.

ALICE GORDON.

Hamilton, Ill.

Feeding the Babies.

The other day I saw a red-headed woodpecker giving a strapping youngster his dinner. Once she came with a morsel in her bill, and, after pounding it awhile against a limb, she thrust it into the screaming birdling's mouth. But it seemed to stick in his craw. Do what he would, he could not swallow it. It happened to be a little too large, and was choking him. What was to be done?

Why, the very simplest thing you could think of! The old bird pulled the fragment out of his throat, thumped it several times against the branch, and then gave it to him again. This time he swallowed it with very little effort. Whenever she came with a tidbit, she would drop it into a kind of a pocket in the limb, and pound it, sometimes for a couple of minutes. The youngster would sit near, and watch her with hungry eyes, and often scream in his coaxing way, twinkling his wings until she was ready to feed him.

Once, after she had given him all she had brought, he still opened his mouth and whimpered for more. She lost her patience. Would he never be satisfied,—the greedy, selfish, overgrown baby? He was simply making a slave of her! So she looked at him with gleaming eyes and then pecked him angrily, making him scuttle backward down the limb to escape punishment.—*S. S. Times.*

What the Widow Gave.

It will not do to jest about the widow's mite unless you are prepared to stand by the consequences. For instance: A gentleman called upon a rich man for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?" asked the solicitor.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend. "You are worth some seventy thousand dollars; give me your check for thirty-five thousand dollars; that will be half as much as she gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

The rich man was cornered.—*The Myrtle.*

What the Acorns Say.

We sleep all winter under the snow;
We laugh in springtime, and then we grow.

We play in summer with winds that blow;
We work in autumn, making the buds, you know.

Up in a tree-top, swinging on a limb;
Hearing many voices, sounds are growing dim.

Down upon the ground for a winter nap;
Hid in dainty covers, there I lost my cap.

—*Louise A. Strong in The Kindergarten.*

Books and Authors.

Criminal Sociology.¹

To ministers, as teachers of ethics, and to all students of social science, the proper treatment of crime is a subject of much interest. "The proper method of arriving at a more or less satisfactory solution of the criminal problem is," in the words of the editor of the book before us, "to inquire into the causes which are producing the criminal population, and to institute remedies based upon the results of such an inquiry. Professor Ferri's volume has this object in view." It is his contention "that the volume of crime will not be materially diminished by codes of criminal law, however skilfully they may be constructed, but by an amelioration of the adverse individual and social conditions of the community as a whole. Crime is a product of these adverse conditions, and the only effective way of grappling with it is to do away as far as possible with the causes from which it springs." But "although criminal codes can do comparatively little toward the reduction of crime, they are absolutely essential for the protection of society."

The three chapters of Professor Ferri's work that are here placed before us,—The Data of Criminal Anthropology, The Data of Criminal Statistics, and Practical Reforms,—are of unequal value and are poorly translated. (See especially for faulty translation and careless proof-reading, pp. 15, 27, 53, 58, 123 and 126.) The second chapter seems to us to deserve high praise for its successful attempt to deal with current misconceptions as to the teachings of positive criminology; see especially page 55, *et seq.* The first and third chapters suffer from the attempt to say too much in too few words, and the former gives the impression that the author was not quite sure of his own attitude toward the extreme doctrines of Lombroso. The main purpose of this chapter is to show that different classes of men commit crimes and that the treatment must be adapted to the criminal rather than to the crime. The trial, he tells us in the third chapter, "can have no other end than to prove, first, that the person under trial is the author of the crime, and, then, to which type of criminals he belongs, and as a consequence, what degree of anti-social depravity and readaptability is indicated by his physical and mental qualities." The object of the sentence is "not to define the indeterminable moral culpability of the prisoner, nor the impersonal applicability of an article in the penal code to the crime under consideration; but the applicability of the law which is most appropriate to the perpetrator of the crime, according to his more or less anti-social characteristics, both physiological and psychological." Professor Ferri believes in "no fixity in the periods of segregation of criminals," and in "the social and public character of the exaction of damages." "Reparation of damage suffered by the victims of crime," he says, "may be regarded from three different points of view; (1) As an obligation of the criminal to the injured party; (2) as an alternative for imprisonment for slight offenses committed by occasional criminals; and (3) as a social function of the state on behalf of the injured person, but also in the indirect and not less important interest of social defense."

Space forbids that we should discuss Professor Ferri's theories at length or consider in detail his many practical suggestions, some of which seem to us wise and others otherwise. We can only express our conviction that the words of a man of his learning, ability and practical experience deserve a careful perusal.

F. W. S.

Literary Notes.

Mr. James L. Ford, of *The Journal* (New York), is now in Paris writing up the literary fakirs of the French metropolis. Later he will go to London, where he is to dine early in June with the "Sette of Odd Volumes," as the guest of Mr. John Lane, the publisher.

The New York *Journal* is said to be encroaching on the preserves of the *World*. Already its circulation has reached the paying (200,000 daily) limit, and it is not far behind that of its principal competitor. This success has been achieved with no noise, Mr. Hearst being averse to the

methods of self-praise usually employed. An observer noticed eight passengers in a Fourth avenue car (New York) reading morning papers, and six of them were reading the *Journal*.

Mr. Lane tells us that ten thousand copies of William Watson's "The Purple East," a series of sonnets on England's desertion of Armenia, have been sold in England. The pamphlet has not yet made its appearance in America, but we understand its sale promises to be very large.

Mr. John Lane, who is now in America, has sold the American rights in H. D. Traill's "From Cairo to the Soudan Frontier" to Way & Williams, who hope to issue the book late in May. Mr. Traill spent the last two winters in the Nile Valley, and this record of his impressions cannot fail of timely interest.

The advance orders for F. Hopkinson Smith's new book, "Tom Grogan," reached over seven thousand copies, only half of which the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., were able to supply on the day of publication. A very excellent poster, designed by the versatile author's brother, is said to have much to do with the book's immediate success.

The last of the privately printed opuscula issued to members of the Sette of Odd Volumes (London), is "An Essay Upon Essays," by Dr. John Todhunter, Playwright to the Sette. "An Essay, even an untried Essayist may imagine," he says, "is in prose composition much what a Sonnet is in the Field Perilous of Verse: the dainty utterance of an impromptu, flowering out of the long quest and errant labors of a lifetime." To use the words of Keats, "Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbor," and this "whispering of results" should be the "very essence of a true Essay."

With Mr. William Black, Mr. Barrie and Mrs. Humphrey Ward contributing serials to the three leading magazines, it might be thought that the American novelist had vanished. The balance, however, is always rectified. Mr. Frank Stockton began, last week, a new serial in the *Illustrated London News*, entitled "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," of which the initial idea, a widow accidentally endowed with more worldly goods than she can conveniently dispose of, promises many of the quaintly humorous incidents and situations in which Mr. Stockton seems to delight. The author of "Rudder Grange" is a typical American of the right sort, and is considered, even in his own country, one of the best after-dinner speakers in the world. But although he has in his day wandered far a-field, and been a welcome guest in many companies, literary and otherwise, he is never so well content as when leading a quiet, studious life in his beautiful country home, built on a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, New Jersey, and which is named "The Holt." There, in a book-lined study, full of family mementos, including a fine sampler worked by an ancestress of the novelist, Mr. Frank Stockton has accomplished much of his best-known work. On the large desk is a curious relic of the Civil War—a bayonet found on the last battlefield of the South, and which now serves as candlestick to the owner of "The Holt." The wit and fancy displayed in "The Late Mrs. Null" and "The Lady and the Tiger" are Mr. Stockton's property.

A Spring Wooing.

The sun shines at daybreak in April;
Blue clouds cross the gray of the skies;
The lake, silver-crested, is smiling,
While the birches and elms in surprise
Draw back into vales of soft verdure,
And scarcely believe that they see
Full-leaved, with her buds but half hidden,
Their neighbor, the crab-apple tree.

By the brook swaying willows are looping
Green wands for the fays of the woods;
'Neath brown leaves hepaticas, drooping,
Hide under their little gray hoods.
All say: "She is surely coquetting,
So bold and so early to be—
Did ever you know such forgetting
Of time by a crab-apple tree?"

But the south wind replied: "I awoke her!
I said, 'Listen! Spring-time is here!
I called her to meet my caresses,
While you dreamed of winter still near."
Then he kissed every leaf, every blossom,
Till such blushes you never did see,
For the buds opened wide their pink petals
On the beautiful crab-apple tree.

—Lydia Avery Coonley.

¹By Enrico Ferri, Professor of Criminal Law, Deputy in the Italian Parliament, etc. (The Criminology Series. Edited by W. Douglas Morrison, M. A., ii.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, pp. 284. \$1.50.

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

Transformation.

Over the hillside and down to my door,
The tree-tops are covered with glory of
spring;
Who would have dreamed when the winter
was o'er,
Such fragrance would flourish and birds
would sing?
Is this the snow that in wild, stormy days,
Fell at their feet and encircled their stems?
Is it their sorrow transformed into praise?
Or patience rewarded with garlands of
gems?

—William Brunton.

UNITARIAN.—The Revs. W. W. Peck of Wallingford, Conn., and Mrs. Margaret B. Barnard of Chelsea, Mass., having satisfied the committee on fellowship of their fitness for the Unitarian ministry, are hereby commended to our ministers and churches. D. M. Wilson, chairman; D. W. Morehouse, secretary.

CIVIC PIETY.—Prof. E. R. L. Gould, of Johns Hopkins University, is spending a month in New York City, while superintending plans for the improved housing of the poor. * * * ENGLAND.—The government has at last decided to open certain of the National museums on Sundays at once, and is negotiating with the trustees of them for this purpose.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—The Roman Catholic Cardinals of ENGLAND, IRELAND and the UNITED STATES have issued an address to all who are accustomed to listen to their counsels, urging them to unite in the formation of a public opinion that shall result in a tribunal of arbitration as a substitute for the arbitrament of war among the English speaking nations. * * * Father Conrady, who succeeded Father Damien in the leper colony at Molokai, Hawaii, has started for Southern CHINA, where he will minister to the lepers there. Leper asylums managed by priests have been started in Japan, Madagascar, Batavia, Columbia, in South America and other places. * * * The most elaborate church ceremonial in the history of SIOUX FALLS will occur the last week in April, when Dr. O'Gorman, late of the Catholic University of Washington, will be

installed bishop of South Dakota. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul will deliver the address and be in charge of the ceremonies. He will be assisted by Bishop Keane of the Washington University and many other bishops and priests.

JUDAISM.—Dr. Hirsch has been invited by the Central Committee of the National Arbitration Conference, which will meet in WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22 and 23, to attend the session and deliver an address at the principal meeting on Wednesday evening. The addresses at the Chicago University Sunday, Vesper services for this term will be delivered by Dr. Hirsch. * * * Oakland, Cal.—The First Hebrew Congregation at its annual meeting unanimously re-elected Rabbi M. Friedlander for a term of five years. * * * The Chicago section of the council of Jewish women is making extensive plans to continue its philanthropic work during the summer months. It proposes to send young girls of the poorer districts to Hinsdale for a two weeks' outing and to instruct them in sewing during the other summer months spent at home.

WOMAN'S WORK.—Mrs. Mina Fleming, Prof. Pickering's head assistant in the HARVARD OBSERVATORY, has secured great results in studying the spectra of the stars. She has discovered three-fourths of the fifty-five known stars of the fifth type, and has discovered all that have been found in the last eight years. She has also discovered four of the new stars that have been found in the last eight years. * * * The CHICAGO Political Equality League held an all-day meeting Saturday, April 4. Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley presided, and the meeting was addressed among others by Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Mrs. Lydia A. Coonley, Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams and Mrs. Ellen M. Herroin. * * * The note of the METHODIST annual conferences on the admission of women, according to the latest reports, aggregated 6,832 for and 2,164 against. This shows the necessary three-fourths for admission, with 84 to spare.

EDUCATIONAL.—A chair of Slavonic languages has been established at HARVARD UNIVERSITY. Prof. Leo Wiener, recently assistant professor in the University of Minnesota, has been appointed for a term of five years. During the first year he will give a course in Russian grammar and reading, and in the second year the Syrian tongue will be taken up. * * * W. C. McDonald, the tobacco manufacturer of Montreal, has made another gift to MCGILL UNIVERSITY of \$150,000, to be used in maintaining the engineer-

ing and physics building. Lately he presented funds for the erection of all buildings for the teaching of mining engineering, chemistry and architecture, the estimated cost of which is half a million dollars. Mr. McDonald's total benefactions now amount to more than \$1,500,000. * * * The Association of Collegiate Alumni has decided to denote \$500 every year toward paying the expenses of some young woman who wishes to pursue advanced studies in a foreign country, and \$350 toward the expenses of another who wishes to carry on her studies in this country. * * * Prof. Thwing has been investigating the number of graduates of American colleges from the beginning. The number appears to be about 300,000, about half of whom are supposed to be now living.

THE UNIVERSALISTS.—The board of trustees of the general convention held a special session in New York March 18. In reply to a request to furnish \$20,000 from convention funds to be added to a like sum conditionally bequeathed by the late Hon. Amos G. Throop for the founding of a divinity school in CALIFORNIA, the following minutes were spread upon the records: "The board has again carefully considered the request made that it provide funds for the securing of the Throop bequest for the establishment of a theological school in CALIFORNIA; and while it regrets the disappointment which must come to those who have been anxious for the establishment of this school, it is the decision of the board that it has no funds at its command that it can use for this purpose." It was decided to continue the work in OMAHA interrupted by the resignation of Dr. Chapin. Many applications for assistance in church erection and pastor's salaries, the board was obliged to refuse from lack of funds. * * * Dr. J. H. Tuttle, pastor emeritus of Church of the Redeemer of MINNEAPOLIS, so widely known and so much beloved among the Universalists of this country, was stricken with paralysis in NEW YORK last week just

fail

Stand close to a high fence and try to leap over. You fail. Walk back a few steps, get a good start. The fence is easily cleared. Neglect your cough, never mind your loss in weight, and when consumption faces you, your strength may not be sufficient to carry you over the danger-line. If you could only go back a few weeks and make a good start, you might win.

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as he was bidding good-bye to a friend who was starting for Rochester. * * * CALIFORNIA.—The Universalists of the state have recently held a week of meetings at POMONA, the third of a series of church extension meetings. It was announced that the state convention of Universalists would hold its next session in LOS ANGELES early in May. * * * All Souls Church, BROOKLYN, will begin its fifth annual series of free lectures to the school children on Friday afternoons in the latter part of April, and during the month of May. The series this year consists of four lectures upon "Early American Statesmen."

GROWING ORTHODOXY.—The KANSAS CITY Ministers' Alliance recently voted in the face of the Presbyterian who asked "if the Alliance was prepared to admit to its members a Buddhist or a Moslem." * * * Rev. Mr. Vrooman, pastor elect of the young Presbyterian Church of KENWOOD in CHICAGO, keeps right on preaching, although his ordination has been postponed by virtue of the protest of a minority of the committee. He told his people last Sunday that that pulpit would continue to promulgate liberal doctrines while he stood in it. * * * Rev. Mr. Delano, the popular pastor of the Baptist Church of EVANSTON, has moved into town and assumed charge of the Belden Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. Delano is one of the fearless men who stand on the traditions of the Baptist movement as champions of liberty. He is one of the many men who are trying to render orthodoxy into terms of nineteenth century science and experience, a high and not altogether hopeless task. * * * Mr. Rowley, the pastor of the Baptist Church at OAK PARK, preached last Sunday against the use of Bible reading in the public schools, urging among other reasons that the use of the Protestant version was making of it a sectarian book, not acceptable to Jew or Catholic, and the public schools must be non-sectarian. Mr. Rowley, on all questions, is a forward looker. * * * Some of our exchanges are still troubled about the gospel which Ian Maclaren preaches. A writer in the *Advance* hopes that he "preaches that salvation can be obtained only through the name of Jesus Christ, but certainly his books do not carry out that teaching." The writer is apparently troubled

with the implication that possibly "lives filled with good works and hearts overflowing with love to their fellow men, like that of Dr. McClure, may be all right." Another writer on the same subject raises the question: "Is natural goodness, however amiable, the ground on which we are conditioned to preach salvation to the world?" * * * Even B. Fay Mills, the noted evangelist, has, according to the *Watchman*, taken to preaching sociological aspects of the gospel and is trying to save society as well as the individual. The paper well comments, "In this change of program he has changed audience." His mission is now to church members rather than to those who do not profess. * * * Rev. Dr. Smith of Cathcart, ex-moderator of the Church of Scotland, has just completed his sixty-eighth year of service in the church and parish over which he was ordained. The old gentleman is now in his ninety-third year, and continues to manifest the heartiest interest in all matters relating to the parish of Cathcart. This is a record which probably cannot be surpassed in any church in the country.

Old and New.

In Tune.

There is a harmony that runs
Through all God's works of love,
It rises through the hum of earth
To join the choirs above;
And if your heart desires a part,
Morning and eve and noon,
In the wide chorus, sing your best,
And always keep in tune.

The voices close beside your ear
May grate discordantly,
And sometimes all the world around
Seems to be out of key.
But hold the note you know is true,
Sing clear and sweet, and soon
Others will join the melody
Because you keep in tune.

—Priscilla Leonard.

Edmund Gosse tells, in his late essay on Mrs. Browning's Sonnets, how her volume of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," was christened, as follows: During the months of their brief courtship, closing, as all the world knows, in the clandestine flight and romantic wedding of Sept. 12, 1846, neither poet showed any verses to the other. Mr. Browning, in particular, had not the smallest notion that the circumstances of their betrothal had led Miss Barrett into any artistic expression of feeling. As little did he suspect it during their honeymoon in Paris, or during their first crowded weeks in Italy. They settled at length in Pisa, and, being quitted by Mrs. Jamieson and her niece, in a very calm and happy mood, the young couple took up each his or her separate work. Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above.

One day, early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of someone behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that and to tear it up if he did not like it, and then she fled again to her own room. Mr. Browning settled himself at the table and un-

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folded the parcel. It contained the series of
sonnets which have now become so illus-
trious. As he read, his emotion and delight
may be conceived. Before he had finished,
it was impossible for him to restrain him-
self, and, regardless of his promise, he
rushed upstairs and stormed that guarded
citadel. He was early conscious that these
were treasures not to be kept from the
world. "I dared not reserve to myself," he
said, "the finest sonnets written in any
language since Shakespeare's." When it
was determined to publish the sonnets in
the volumes of 1850, the question of a title
arose. The name which was ultimately
chosen, "Sonnets from the Portuguese,"
was invented by Mr. Browning as an in-
genious device to veil the true authorship,
and yet to suggest kinship with that beau-
tiful lyric called "Caterina to Camoens," in
which so similar a passion had been ex-
pressed. Long before he ever heard of
these poems Mr. Browning called his wife
his "own little Portuguese," and so, when
she proposed "Sonnets translated from the
Bosnian," he, catching at the happy thought
of "translated," replied: "No, not Bos-
nian—that means nothing—but from the
Portuguese! They are Caterina's sonnets!"
And so, in half a joke, half a conceit, the
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sent for. He did not recognize the mistress
of the house when he arrived. "You do not
attend my church?" he said. "No; Dr.
Macleod's," was the answer. "Then why
did you not send for Dr. Macleod?" asked
the minister. "Send for Dr. Macleod!" ex-
claimed the woman: "Did you think we
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Although she strays
From beaten paths of men
To untrod ways—
Her leading follow straight,
And bide thy fate:
And whether smiles or scorn
Thy passing greet,
Or find'st thou flower or thorn
Beneath thy feet—
Fare on! nor fear thy fate
At Heaven's gate.

—W. S. Shurtleff.

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donald, which is to be given by one of
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Taylor of London, with the subject of
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propriate words, "If I perish, I perish."
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Charlie after their perilous adventures and
his hair-breadth escape from their pur-

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And be as pure amid the strife
As at thy mother's knee;
Let no desire bid thee turn
Or quit the path of right,
But fix thy gaze on duty's goal
And keep thy armor bright.

"You'll miss the farmhouse and the

to keep your armor bright.

"The world may laugh at you and say:
'Look at the parson, boys,
His wings are sprouting on his back'—
But lightly heed the noise.
No ridicule can hurt the man
Whose heart is pure within;
Remember this, my boy, and fear
No mockery but sin.

"Think always twice before you speak,
No provocation lend.
'Tis better to prevent a wrong
Than have a wrong to mend.
Life is too short to while away
Its sweet and solemn light;
Oh! guard its sacred moments well,
And keep thy armor bright.

"I may be sleeping ere thy brow
By fortune's wreath is bound,
But triumph never scorns a crest
In duty's armor found.
Then, go forth into the world, my boy,
I send thee from my breast—
This sums it all: do well thy part,
And time will do the rest."

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